

A N

E L E G Y

On the DEATH of the REVEREND
Doctor JOHN GOAD,

Late Master of *MERCHANT-TAYLORS-School*, London,

Who Departed this Life the 28th. of October, 1689.

By *Joshua Barnes*, B. D.

CAN then a *Father* of our *Israel* die,
And none step forth to sound an *Elegy*?
No *Son* of all the *Prophets* bring a *Verse*,
T' Adorn the Holy, Venerable, *Herse*.
Not one of those, whose *All* to him is due;

Who from his *Cistern* Sacred Waters drew :
Of those, whose *Oracles* are now so sought,
~~Who at this Great *Camel's* Feet were Taught.~~
Yet none is found to Offer at his *Shrine*,
But I! — And I — but this poor *Mite* of mine!
'Tis all, I may — yet *this* I'd rather do,
Than prove Forgetful and Ungrateful too.
Tho' small the Offering; tho' but weak and faint;
Great the Devotion is; more Great the Saint.

Hail! Sacred *Manes*! Once a *Foyl* to *Vice*,
Now a fair *Scyon* set in *Paradise*!
There Happy Thou *Eternal* Joys dost find :
But We unhappy, whom Thou'st left behind.
Unhappy We, depriv'd of Strength and Head ;
Our *Chariot* and our *Horses* hence are fled ;
And *Vertu's* in Despair, now *GOAD* is Dead. }

** Egyptian.* *GOAD's* Loyalty in ** Pharian* Darkneſs ſhin'd,
Nor could *State-Tempeſts* ſhake his *Conſtant* Mind.
** St. John Baptiſt's Colledge Oxon.* Th' *OXONIAN* ** Baptiſt* gave him all his Store
Of *Learning* ; yet from him received more.
Fair Flocks of Chosen Youth, whose Rip'ning Years,
Took Happy Culture from his Tutoring Cares.
Nor doth the *GRANTIAN* Muſe leſs Glory owe
To Heads, whose Seeds of Wiſdom *GOAD* did Sow.

Long ſince Fair *Iſis* and the Goodly *Came*
Bemoan'd their Loſs ; when they were told by Fame,
What Envious Fate remov'd him from the ** Place* ;
Whence ſtill he uſ'd to ſend a Learned Race,
That joyntly did both *Came* and *Iſis* Grace. }
Had they but uſ'd leſs Cruelty, and Rage,
Secur'd his Quiet, and ſuſtain'd his Age,
That without Want he might have look'd for Fate ;
Their Sin and Shame had not been then ſo Great.

But who can Fathom the *Eternal* Mind,
Or the deep Counſels of th' *Almighty* find ?
Ev'n He, whose *Charity* was Match'd by none,
Was now by *Charity* Her Self undone !
For ſurely he had heap'd up no ſmall Store,
Had he but--- *Liberally* ſuſtain'd the Poor :
But this Great Man *Magnificently-- Brave---*
Nought for his own Support, but *Hope* would ſave,
Like ** Philip's* Son : The reſt he freely gave---

Surely the Comforts of his Soul were Great ;
And Vaſt the *Blifs*, he gained after Fate :
For ſmall Rewards of *Charity* he found
On this ſide Heaven : But ſure his Faith is Crown'd
With full Fruition now. — There Raptures flow ;
There Plenty doth in full Abundance grow ;
There endleſs, boundleſs Joys his Soul Embrace,
And *Blifs* ſhines bright before th' *Almighty's* Face.

Go, Blessed Saint, enjoy that Peace above,
That Candid Spirit and that Strifeleſs Love,
Which thy Calm Soul foretaſted here below,
And Griev'd and Sigh'd ; that all Men did not ſo.
Harmleſs thy Days, blameleſs thy Life did paſs ;
Learnin' and *Piety* thy Pleaſure was ;
The *Languages* from thy Wiſe Lips did flow ;
And Heaven's *High Secrets* thy vaſt Mind did know :
Air, Earth, Seas, Fire, thy Wiſdom did Define ;
And *Fates* Dark *Revolutions* could Divine.

Yet he was Meek and Humble and Content ;
Little ſuffic'd, where *Heavenly Things* were meant :
Nought here he ſought, nor did his *Hope* lye here ;
Upward he aim'd ; He'd laid his *Treasure* there.

Learn hence, baſe *Worldlings* ! That ſo doat on *Droſs* ;
What ſeems your Gain, was unto him but Loſs :
He laid aſide the *Heavy, Golden, Load* ;
Then flew to *Heaven* ; where now's his bleſt Aboad ; }
Learn hence, baſe *Worldlings* ! — think on Glorious *GOAD*. }

** Alex. M. on his Expedition into Asia, diſtributed all his Patrimony among his Friends, ſaying, he left Hope for himſelf.*

AN ELEGY

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Not one of those, whose *All* to him is due;
Who from his *Cistern* *Sacred Waters* drew :
Of those, whose *Oracles* are now so sought,
Who at this *Great Gamaliel's* Feet were Taught.
Yet none is found to Offer at his *Shrine*,
But I!— And I— but this poor *Mite* of mine!
'Tis all, I may— yet *this* I'd rather do,
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But We unhappy, whom Thou'st left behind.
Unhappy We, depriv'd of *Strength and Head;*
Our *Chariot* and our *Horses* hence are fled ;
And *Vertu's* in *Despair*, now *GOAD* is Dead. }
GOAD's *Loyalty* in * *Pharian* *Darkness* shin'd,
Nor could *State-Tempests* shake his *Constant* Mind.
Th' *OXONIAN* * *Baptist* gave him all his *Store*
Of *Learning* ; yet from him received more.
Fair *Flocks* of *Chosen Youth*, whose *Rip'ning Years*,
Took *Happy Culture* from his *Tutoring Cares*.
Nor doth the *GRANTIAN* *Muse* less *Glory* owe
To *Heads*, whose *Seeds* of *Wisdom* *GOAD* did Sow.
Long since Fair *Isis* and the *Goodly Came*
Bemoan'd their *Loss* ; when they were told by *Fame*,
What *Envious Fate* remov'd him from the * *Place* ;
Whence still he us'd to send a *Learned Race*,
That joyn'tly did both *Came* and *Isis* *Grace*. }
Had they but us'd less *Cruelty*, and *Rage*,
Secur'd his *Quiet*, and sustain'd his *Age*,
That without *Want* he might have look'd for *Fate* ;
Their *Sin* and *Shame* had not been then so *Great*.

But who can *Fathom* the *Eternal* Mind,
Or the deep *Counsels* of th' *Almighty* find ?
Ev'n He, whose *Charity* was Match'd by none,
Was now by *Charity* Her Self undone !
For surely he had heap'd up no small *Store*,
Had he but--- *Liberally* sustain'd the *Poor* :
But this *Great Man* *Magnificently*-- *Brave*,---
Nought for his own *Support*, but *Hope* would save,
Like * *Philip's* *Son* : The rest he freely gave,---
Surely the *Comforts* of his *Soul* were *Great* ;
And *Vast* the *Bliss*, he gained after *Fate* :
For small *Rewards* of *Charity* he found
On this side *Heaven* : But sure his *Faith* is *Crown'd*
With full *Fruition* now.--- There *Raptures* flow ;
There *Plenty* doth in full *Abundance* grow ;
There endless, boundless *Joys* his *Soul* Embrace,
And *Bliss* shines bright before th' *Almighty's* *Face*.
Go, *Blessed Saint*, enjoy that *Peace* above,
That *Candid Spirit* and that *Strifeless Love*,
Which thy *Calm Soul* foretasted here below,
And *Griev'd* and *Sigh'd* ; that all *Men* did not so.
Harmless thy *Days*, blameless thy *Life* did pass ;
Learning and *Piety* thy *Pleasure* was ;
The *Languages* from thy *Wise Lips* did flow ;
And *Heaven's* *High Secrets* thy *vast Mind* did know :
Air, Earth, Seas, Fire, thy *Wisdom* did *Define* ;
And *Fates* *Dark Revolutions* could *Divine*.
Yet he was *Meek* and *Humble* and *Content* ;
Little suffic'd, where *Heavenly Things* were meant :
Nought here he sought, nor did his *Hope* lye here ;
Upward he aim'd ; He'd laid his *Treasure* there.

Learn hence, base *Worldlings!* That so doat on *Dross* ;
What seems your *Gain*, was unto him but *Loss* :
He laid aside the *Heavy, Golden, Load* ;
Then flew to *Heaven* ; where now's his blest *Aboad* ;
Learn hence, base *Worldlings!*— think on *Glorious GOAD*.

* Alex. M. on his Expedition into Asia, distributed all his Patrimony among his Friends, saying, he left Hope for himself.

* Egyptian.
* Sr. John Baptist's Colledge Oxon.

* Merchant-Taylor's School, &c.